

GUNNER DEPEW

Albert N. Depew

EX-GUNNER AND CHIEF PETTY OFFICER, U. S. NAVY
MEMBER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION OF FRANCE
CAPTAIN GUN TURRET, FRENCH BATTLESHIP CASSARD
WINNER OF THE CROIX DE GUERRE

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GUNNER DEPEW SEES WONDERFUL WORK OF BRITISH AND FRENCH NAVIES IN GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN.

Synopsis.—Albert N. Depew, author of the story, tells of his service in the United States navy, during which he attained the rank of chief petty officer, first-class gunner. The world war starts soon after he receives his honorable discharge from the navy, and he leaves for France with a determination to enlist. He joins the Foreign Legion and is assigned to the dreadnaught Cassard, where his marksmanship wins him high honors. Later he is transferred to the land forces and sent to the Flanders front. He gets his first experience in a front line trench at Dixmude. He goes "over the top" and gets his first German in a bayonet fight. While on runner service, Depew is caught in a Zeppelin raid and has an exciting experience. In a fierce fight with the Germans, he is wounded and is sent to a hospital. After recovering he is ordered back to sea duty and sails on the Cassard for the Dardanelles.

CHAPTER XI.

Action at the Dardanelles.

I made twelve trips to the Dardanelles in all, the Cassard acting generally as convoy to troop ships, but one trip was much like another, and I cannot remember all the details, so I will give only certain incidents of the voyages that you might find interesting. We never put into the Dardanelles without being under fire—but



besides saying so, what is there to write about in that? It was interesting enough at the time, though, you can take it from me!

Coming up to "V" beach on our third trip to the Dardanelles, the weather was as nasty as any I have ever seen. The rain was sweeping along in sheets—great big drops, and driven by the wind in regular volleys. You could see the wind coming, by the line of white against a swell where the drops hit.

As we rounded the point, the seas got choppy, and there were cross currents bucking the ship from every angle, it seemed. You could not see two hundred yards away, the rain was so thick, and the combers were breaking over our bows three a minute. The coast here is pretty dangerous, so we went in very slowly and had the sounding line going until its whirr-r-r sounded louder than a machine gun in action.

I was on the starboard bow at the time and had turned to watch some garbles poking at the scuppers to drain the water off the deck. But the scuppers had been plugged and they were having a hard time of it. The officer on the bridge, in oilskins, was walking up and down, wiping off the business end of his telescope and trying to dodge the rain. All of the garbles but one left the scuppers on the starboard side and started across decks to port. The other chap kept on fooling around the scuppers. Then I saw a big wave coming for us, just off the starboard bow and I grabbed hold of a stanchion and took a deep breath and held on. When my head showed above water again the other end of the wave was just passing over the place where the garbles had been, and the officer was shouting, "Un homme a la mer!" He shouted before the man really was overboard, because he saw that the wave would get him.

I rushed back to the port bow and looked back, for the wave had carried him clear across the decks, and saw the poor lad in the water, trying to fend himself off from the ship's side. But it was no go, and the port propeller blades just carved him into bits.

On our homeward voyage we received word again by wireless that there were Zeppelins at sea. We did not believe this and it proved to be untrue. But there were other stories and taller ones, told us by one of the wireless operators, that some of the

garbles believed. This chap was the real original Baron Munchausen when it came to yarning, and for a while he had me going too. He would whisper some startling tale to us and make us promise not to tell, as he had picked it from some other ship's message, and the Old Man would spread-eagle him if he found it out. They probably would have logged him, at that, if they had known he was filling us full of wind the way he did.

He told me one time that Henry Ford had invented something or other for locating subs miles away, and also another device that would draw the sub right up to it and swallow it whole. He had a lot of other yarns that I cannot remember, but I did not believe him because I saw he was picking out certain men to tell certain yarns to—that is, spinning them where they would be more sure of being believed and not just spinning them anywhere.

So I got pretty tired of this stuff after a while and when we put out from Brest on the fourth voyage I got this fellow on deck in rough weather and began talking to him about the chap who had gone overboard the time before and had been cut up by the propeller. I pretended that, of course, he knew all about it—that the Old Man had had this garby pushed overboard because he was too free with his mouth. But this did not seem to do any good, so I had to think up another way.

When we were out two days I got hold of our prize liar again. I figured that he would be superstitious and I was right. I said that of course he knew that a ship could not draw near Cape Helles and get away again unless at least one man was lost, or that, if it did get away, there would be many casualties aboard. I said it had always been that way and claimed that the Old Man had pushed this garby overboard because someone had to go. I said on our other trips no one had been sacrificed and that was the reason we had suffered so much, and that the Old Man had been called down by the French minister of the navy. I told him the Old Man would pick up whatever garby he thought he could best spare.

That was all I had to tell him. Either he thought the Old Man knew of his yarning or else he did not think himself of much account, for he disappeared that very watch and we did not see him again until we were on the homeward voyage and a steward happened to dig into a provision hold. There was our lying friend, with a life belt on, another under his head, and the light of a rope around his waist, fast asleep. Why he had the rope I do not know, but he was scared to death and thought we were going to chuck him overboard at once. I think he must have told the officers everything, because I noticed them looking pretty hard at me—or at least I thought I did; maybe it was my conscience, if I may brag about having one—and I thought one of the lieutenants was just about to grin at me several times, but we never heard any more about it, or any more yarns from our wireless friend.

The fourth voyage was pretty rough, too. The old girl would stick her nose into the seas and many times I thought she would forget to come out. We had a lot of sand piled up against the wheelhouse and after we dived pretty deep one time and bucked out slowly, there was not a grain of sand left. It looked like the sea was just kidding us, for we were almost in quiet water, and here it had just taken one sea aboard to clean up the sand we carried all the way from Brest.

During the whole voyage you could not get near the galley, which was where our wireless friend hung out when he could. The pans and dishes hanging on the wall stood straight out when the ship pitched, and several heavy ones came down on a cook's head while he was sitting under them during a heavy sea. That made him

superstitious, too, and he disappeared and was not found for two days. But he was a landsman and not used to heavy weather.

When we got to the Gallipoli peninsula the fifth time our battle fleet and transports lay off the straits. We could not reach the little harbor on the Turkish coast, but the whole fleet felt happy and fairly confident of victory. We lay off Cape Helles, and it was there we received the news that there were submarines lying around Gibraltar. Then they were reported off Malta. We got the news from British trawlers and transports. Our officers said the subs could not reach the Dardanelles without putting in somewhere for a fresh supply of fuel, and that the allied fleets were on the lookout at every place where the subs might try to put in. But they got there just the same.

Then the British superdreadnaught Queen Elizabeth, "the terror of the Turks," came in. She left England with a whole fleet of cruisers and destroyers, and all the Limeys said, "She'll get through. Nothing will stop her."

One of the boys aboard of her told me he had no idea the Dardanelles would be as hot a place as he found it was. "Gaw blimey," he said, "what with dodging shells and submarines, you can't 'elp but run onto a bloomin' mine. Hi don't mind tellin' you," he said, "that I was scared cold at first. And then I think of what 'Oly Joe' (the chaplain) told us one service. 'Hin times of dynger, look upwards,' 'e says. So I looks upwards, and blimey if there wasn't a bally plane a-droppin' bombs on us. 'What price upward looks, Oly Joe?' I sings out, but he weren't nowhere near. Blarst me, there weren't nowhere you could look without doin' yer bloody heve a dirty trick."

When the Queen Elizabeth entered the Dardanelles, the Turkish batteries on both shores opened right on her. They had ideal positions, and they were banging away in great style. And the water was simply thick with mines, and for all anybody knew, with subs.

Yet the old Lizzie sailed right along, with her band up on the main deck playing, "Everybody's Doing It." It made you feel shivery along the spine, and believe me, they got a great hand from the whole fleet.

They say her Old Man told the boys he was going to drive right ahead and that if the ship was sunk he would know that the enemy was somewhere in the vicinity. Well, they were headed right, but they never got past the Narrows. They stuck until the last minute though, and those who went up, went up with the right spirit. "Are we downhearted?" they would yell. "No!" And they were not, either. They did not brag when they put over on the Turks, and they did not groan when they saw that their ship was "Try again" and they tried a day after day. I do not know much about the history of the campaign, but I do not believe there was ever an army like that of the allies in the Gallipoli campaign, and I do not think any other army could have done what they did. I take off my hat to the British army and navy after that.

It was hotter than I have ever known it to be elsewhere, and there was no water for the boys ashore but what the navy brought to them—sometimes a pint a day, and often none at all. The Turks had positions that you could not expect any army to take, were well supplied with ammunition and were used to the country and the climate. Most of the British army were green troops. It was the Anzacs' first campaign.

They were wonderful boys, these Australians and New Zealanders. Great big men, all of them, and finely built, and they fought like devils. It



"Un Homme a la Mer!"

was hand-to-hand work half the time; hardly any sleep, no water, sometimes no food. They made a mark there at Gallipoli that the world will have to go some to beat.

Our boys were on the job, too. We held our part of the works until the time came for everybody to quit, and it was no picnic. The French should be very proud of the work their navy did there in the Dardanelles.

On our sixth trip I saw H. M. S. Goliath get it. She was struck three times by torpedoes and then shelled. The men were floundering around in the water, with shrapnel cutting the waves all around them. Only a hundred odd of her crew were saved.

One day, off Cape Helles, during our seventh trip at the Dardanelles, we sighted a sub periscope just about dinner time. The Prince George and a destroyer sighted the sub at the same time, and the Prince George let go two rounds before the periscope disappeared, but did not hit the mark. Transports, battleships and cruisers were thick around there, all at anchor, and it was a great place for a sub to be.

In no time at all the destroyers breezed out with their tails in the air, throwing a smoke screen around the larger ships. They hunted high and low, all over the spot where she had been sighted and all around it, thinking to ram it or bring it to the surface, so we could take a crack at



"I Saw H. M. S. Goliath Get It"

it. All the rest of the fleet—battleships and transports—weighed anchor at once and steamed ahead at full speed.

It was a great sight. Any new ship coming up would have thought the British and French navies had gone crazy. We did not have any fixed course, but were steaming as fast as we could in circles and half circles, and dashing madly from port to starboard. We were not going to allow that sub to get a straight shot at us, but we almost rammed ourselves doing it. It was a case of chase-tail for every ship in the fleet.

But the sub did not show itself again that day, and we anchored again. That night, while the destroyers were around the ships, we slipped our cables and patrolled the coast along the Australian position at Gaba Tepe, but we did not anchor.

The following day the Albion went ashore in the fog, south of Gaba Tepe, and the fog lifted the Turks came and gave it to her hot. A Turkish ship came up and, with any amount of gunnery, could have raked her fore and aft, but the Turks must have been pretty shy of gun sense for they only got in one hit before they were driven off by H. M. S. Canopus, which has made such a fine record in this war.

Then the Canopus pulled in close to the Albion, got a wire hawser aboard, and attempted to tow her out under a heavy fire, but as soon as she started pulling, the cable snapped. The crew of the Albion were ordered aft and jumped up on the quarter deck to try and shift the bow off the bank. At the same time the fore turret and the fore six-inch guns opened up a hot fire on the Turkish positions to lighten the ship and shift her by the concussion of the guns. For a long time they could not budge her. Then the Canopus got another hawser aboard and, with guns going and the crew jumping and the Canopus pulling, the old Albion finally slid off and both ships backed into deep water with little harm done to either. Then they returned to their old anchorages.

At Cape Helles every one was wide-awake. We were all on the lookout for subs and you could not find one man napping. Anything at all passed for a periscope—tins, barrels, spars. Dead horses generally float in the water with one foot sticking up, and we gave the alarm many a time when it was only some old nag on his way to Davy's locker.

On the Cassard the Old Man posted a reward of 50 francs for the first man who sighted a periscope. This was a good idea, but believe me he would have had trouble making the award, for every man on the ship would be sure to see it at the same time. The man felt sure he would be the man to get the reward. The 14-pounders were loaded and ready for action on a second's notice. But the reward was never claimed.

Depew gets into a hot place when he volunteers for service in the trenches at Gallipoli. After a battle he finds his pal a victim of Hun frightfulness. The next installment tells the story.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Martial Law.

Martial law is not a law at all in the usual sense of that term; it is really the abrogation of law. It is an order that supersedes civil law, and is employed in time of extreme peril to the state or municipality from without or within, when the general safety cannot be trusted to the ordinary administration of government, or the public welfare demands the adoption and execution of extraordinary measures.

HOW TO USE VICK'S VAPORUB IN TREATING SPANISH INFLUENZA

The Influenza Germs Attack the Lining of the Air Passages. When VapoRub Is Applied Over Throat and Chest, the Medicated Vapors Loosen the Phlegm, Open the Air Passages and Stimulate the Mucous Membrane to Throw Off the Germs.

In Addition, VapoRub is Absorbed Through and Stimulates the Skin, Attracting the Blood to the Surface and Thus Aids in Reducing the Congestion Within.

CALL A PHYSICIAN—GO TO BED—STAY QUIET—DON'T WORRY

There is No Occasion for Panic—Influenza Itself Has a Very Low Percentage of Fatalities. Not Over One Death Out of Every Four Hundred Cases According to the N. C. Board of Health. The Chief Danger Lies in Complications Arising, Attacking Principally Patients in a Run-Down Condition—Those Who Don't Go to Bed Soon Enough, or Those Who Get Up Too Early.

Spanish Influenza, which appeared in Spain in May, has all the appearance of grip or la grippe, which has swept over the world in numerous epidemics as far back as history runs. Hippocrates refers to an epidemic in 412 B. C. which is regarded by many to have been influenza. Every century has had its attacks. Beginning with 1891, this century has had five epidemics, the last in 1889-1890.

THE SYMPTOMS. Grippe, or influenza, as it is now called, usually begins with a chill, followed by aching, feverishness and sometimes nausea and dizziness, and a general feeling of weakness and depression. The temperature is from 100 to 104, and the fever usually lasts from three to five days. The germs attack the mucous membrane, or lining of the air passages—nose, throat and bronchial tubes; there is usually a hard cough, especially bad at night, and frequently all the appearances of a severe head cold.

THE TREATMENT. Go to bed at the first symptoms, not only for your own sake, but to avoid spreading the disease to others—take a purgative, eat plenty of nourishing food, remain perfectly quiet and don't worry. Quinine, aspirin or Dover's Powder, etc., may be administered by the physician's directions to relieve the aching. But there is no cure or

Patriotic to the Limit. Freddy's tricycle was old and worn, so his aunt, for a birthday gift, presented him with a fine \$10 automobile, which he received with keen delight. She was therefore amazed a few moments later to find him calmly riding up and down the sidewalks on his popular tricycle.

"There you are, riding on your old tricycle!" cheerfully reminded aunt. "Why don't you use your lovely new automobile?"

For a couple of seconds Freddy gazed at her in silent reproach, then in a voice pitched high with indignation he stingingly broke loose: "I certainly is s'prised at you, aunty. Doesn't you know this is gasless Sunday?"

Insulted. Sonny—Father, one of the boys said I look like you.

Father—Why did you say so? Sonny—Nothin'. He's a lot bigger than me.

Its Contents. "Mrs. Moorah has a war garden." "Has she raised vegetables in it?" "No; flags."

An Inheritance. "The widow is tardy." "I suppose she takes after her late husband."

specific for influenza—the disease must run its course. Nature herself will throw off the attack if only you keep up your strength. The chief danger lies in the complications which may arise. Influenza so weakens the bodily resistance that there is danger of pneumonia or bronchitis developing and sometimes inflammation of the middle ear, or heart affections. For these reasons, it is very important that the patient remain in bed until his strength returns—stay in bed at least two days or more after the fever has left you, or if you are over 50 or not strong, stay in bed four days or more, according to the severity of the attack.

EXTERNAL APPLICATIONS. In order to stimulate the lining of the air passages to throw off the gripe germs, to aid in loosening the phlegm and keeping the air passages open, thus making the breathing easier, Vick's VapoRub will be found effective. Hot, wet towels should be applied over the throat, chest and back between the shoulder blades to open the pores. Then Vick's should be rubbed in over the parts until the skin is red, spread on thickly and cover with two thicknesses of hot flannel cloths. Leave the clothing loose around the neck, as the heat of the body liberates the ingredients in the form of vapors. These vapors, inhaled with each breath, carry the medication directly to the parts affected. At the same time, VapoRub is absorbed through and stimulates the skin attracting the blood to the surface and thus aids in relieving the congestion within.

HOW TO AVOID THE DISEASE. Evidence seems to show that this is a germ disease, spread principally by human contact, chiefly through coughing, sneezing or spitting. So avoid persons having colds—which means avoiding crowds—common drinking cups, roller towels, etc. Keep up your bodily strength by plenty of exercise in the open air and good food.

KEEP FREE FROM COLDS. Above all keep free from colds, as colds irritate the lining of the air passages and render them much better breeding places for the germs.

Use Vick's VapoRub at the very first sign of a cold. For a head cold, melt a little in a spoon and inhale the vapors, or better still, use VapoRub in a benzoin steam kettle. If this is not available, use an ordinary tea-kettle. Fill half-full of boiling water, put in half a teaspoon of VapoRub from time to time—keep the kettle just slowly boiling—inhalate the steam arising. Vick's VapoRub can be had in three sizes—30c, 60c, \$1.20—at all druggists.

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." Miss Ellis, the primary teacher at school No. 41 of this city, permits the children to select a song after the usual music lesson. "Please," piped a little miss, "let's sing, 'O, Come Tumble the Jam on the Ocean.'" Miss Ellis, who is an interpreter of rare ability, at once led the "babies" on a spirited rendition of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean"—Indianapolis News.

Why buy many bottles of other Vermifuges, when one bottle of Dr. Peary's "Dead Shot" will act surely and promptly? Adv.

An Ominous Outlook. "Brace up, young man!" encouraged the dentist. "It will be out and all over in a minute."

"Yes," solemnly replied little Clarence Callipers, who was in the chair, "but one day with the Lord is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day."—Kansas City Star.

Treat reports with indifference, and others will soon learn to disregard them.—Ouida.

A man can have a lot of fun in this world and still be a gentleman.

The fat man doesn't mind it if you call him portly.

SAFE, GENTLE REMEDY CLEANSSES YOUR KIDNEYS

For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been a standard household remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and stomach trouble, and all diseases connected with the urinary organs. The kidneys and bladder are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers of your blood. If the poisons which enter your system through the blood and stomach are not entirely thrown out by the kidneys and bladder, you are doomed.

Weakness, sleeplessness, nervousness, dizziness, backache, stomach trouble, headache, pain in loins and lower abdomen, gall stones, gravel, difficulty when urinating, cloudy and bloody urine, rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago, all warn you to look after your kidneys and bladder. All these indicate some weakness of the kidneys or other organs or that the enemy microbes which are always present in your system have attacked your weak spots. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are what you need.

They are not a "patent medicine," nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they

have been a standard household remedy. They are the pure, original imported Haarlem Oil your great-grandmother used, and are perfectly harmless. The healing, soothing oil soaks into the cells and lining of the kidneys and through the bladder, driving out the poisonous germs. New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue the treatment. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day; they will keep you in condition and prevent a return of the disease. Do not delay a minute. Delays are especially dangerous in kidney and bladder trouble. All druggists sell GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They will refund the money if not as represented. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories in Holland. They are prepared in correct quantity and convenient form, are easy to take and are positively guaranteed to give prompt relief. In three sizes, sealed packages. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL. Accept no substitutes.—Adv.

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